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T
SUMMER.

A *Trifollet*
POEM.

By JAMES THOMSON. *R*

Jam clarus Occultum Andromedæ Pater
Ostendit Ignem : Jam Procyon furit
Et Stella vesani Leonis,
Sole Dies referente ficos.
Jam Paster Umbras cum Grege languido,
Rivumque fessus quærit, & horridi
Dumeta Sylvani : carêque
Ripa vagis taciturna Ventis.

H O R.



D U B L I N :

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To the Right Honourable

Mr. DODINGTON,

One of the Lords of HIS MAJESTY'S
Treasury, &c.

S I R,



It is not my Purpose, in this Address, to run into the common Tract of Dedicators, and attempt a Panegyric which would prove *ungrateful* to You, too *arduous* for Me, and *superfluous* with Regard to the World. To You it would prove *ungrateful*, since there is a certain generous Delicacy in Men of the most distinguished Merit, disposing Them to avoid those Praises They so powerfully attract. And when I consider that a *Character*, in which the *Vertues*, the *Graces*, and the *Muses* join their Influence, as much exceeds the Expression of the most elegant and judicious Pen, as the finish'd *Beauty* does the Representation of the Pencil, I have

The Dedication.

the best Reasons for declining such an *arduous* Undertaking. As, indeed, it would be *superfluous* in it self; for what Reader need to be told of those great Abilities in the Management of public Affairs, and those amiable Accomplishments in private Life, which You so eminently possess. The general Voice is loud in the Praise of so many Virtues, tho' Posterity alone will do Them Justice. But may You, Sir, live long to illustrate your own Fame by your own Actions, and by them be transmitted to future Times as the *British MÆCENAS*!

Your Example has recommended Poetry, with the greatest Grace, to the Admiration of Those, who are engag'd in the highest and most active Scenes of Life: and this, tho' confessedly the least considerable of those exalted Qualities that dignify your Character, must be particularly pleasing to *One*, whose only Hope of being introduced to your Regard is thro' the Recommendation of an Art in which you are a Master.—But I forget what I have been declaring above, and must therefore turn my Eyes to the following Sheets. I am not ignorant that, when offered to your Perusal, they are put into the Hands of one of the finest, and consequently the most indulgent Judges of the Age: but as there is no Mediocrity in Poetry, so there should be no Limits to its Ambition.—I venture directly on the Trial of my Fame.—

The Dedication.

If what I here present You has any Merit to gain your Approbation, I am not afraid of its Success; and if it fails of your Notice, I give it up to its just Fate. This Advantage at least I secure to myself, an Occasion of thus publickly declaring that I am, with the profoundest Veneration,

S I R,

Your most devoted,

humble Servant,

JAMES THOMSON.



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SUMMER.

A

P O E M.



FROM Southern Climes, where unre-
mitting Day

Burns over Head, illustrious SUM-
MER comes,

In Pride of Youth, and felt thro'
Nature's Depth.

He comes ! attended by the sultry *Hours*,
And ever-fanning *Breezes*, on his Way ;
While, from his ardent Look, the turning SPRING
Averts her blushful Face, and Earth, and Skies,
All-smiling, to his hot Dominion leaves.

Hence,

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood Shade,
 - Where scarce a Sun-Beam wanders thro' the Gloom ;
 And, on the dark-green Grass, beside the Brink
 Of haunted Stream, that, by the Roots of Oaks,
 Rows o'er the rocky Channel, lie at large,
 And sing the Glories of the circling Year.

Come, *Inspiration* ! from thy Hermit-Seat,
 By Mortal seldom found : may I presume
 From thy fix'd, serious Muse, and raptur'd Glance
 Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one Look,
 Creative of the Poet, every Power
 - Exalting to an Extasy of Soul !

With what a perfect, World-revolving Power
 Were first th' unweildy Planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable Void ! thus to remain,
 Amid the Flux of many thousand Years,
 That oft has swept the busy Race of Men,
 And all their labour'd Monuments away,
 Unresting, changeless, matchless, in their Course ;
 To Day, and Night, and the delightful Round
 Of *Seasons*, faithful ; not excentric once :

So pois'd, and perfect, is the vast Machine !

When now no more the alternate *Twins* are fir'd,
 And *Cancer* reddens with the Solar Blaze,
 Short is th' uncertain Empire of the *Night* ;
 And soon, observant of approaching *Day*.
 The meek-ey'd *Morn* appears, Mother of Dews !
 Mildly elucient in the streaky East ;
 And from before the Lustre of her Face,
 White, break the Clouds away : With tardy Step
 Brown *Night* retires. Young *Day* pours in a-pace,
 And opens all the lawny Prospect wide.
 The dripping Rock, the Mountain's misty Top
 Swell on the Eye, and brighten with the Dawn.
 Blue, thro' the Dusk, the smoaking Currents *shine* ;
 And, from the bladed Field, th' unhunted Hare
 Limpes aukward : while, along the Forest-Glade,
 The wild Deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
 At early Passenger. Musick awakes,
 The native Voice of undiffembling Joy ;
 And thick around the wood-land Hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the Cock, the soon-clad Shepherd leaves
 His mossy Cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells ;
 And from the crowded Fold, in Order, drives

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S U M M E R.

His Flock, to taste the Verdure of the Morn:

Falsly luxurious, will not Man awake,
And starting from the Bed of Sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant and the silent Hour,
To Meditation due, and sacred Song!
And is there ought in Sleep can charm the Wife?
To lie in dead Oblivion, lost to all,
Our Natures boast of noble, and divine:
Total Extinction of th' enlighten'd Soul!
Or else to feverish Vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing thro' disemper'd Dreams,
Who would in such a gloomy State remain
Longer than Nature craves? When every *Muse*,
And every blooming *Pleasure* wait without,
To bless the wildly-devious morning Walk.

But yonder comes the powerful *King* of Day,
Rejoycing in the East. The lessening Cloud,
The kindling Azure, and the Mountain's Brim
Tipt with æthereal Gold, his near Approach
Betoken glad: and now apparent all,
Aflant the Dew-bright Earth and colour'd Air,
He looks, in boundless Majesty, abroad;

And

And sheds the shining Day, that, burnish'd, plays
On Rocks, and Hills, and Towers, and wandering
Streams,

High-gleaming from afar. Prime Chearer, *Light* !
Of all material Beings first and best !

Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent Robe,
Without whose vesting Beauty, all were wrapt
In unessential Gloom ; and Thou, red Sun,
In whose wide Circle Worlds of Radiance lie,
Exhaustless Brightness ! may I sing of Thee !

Who would the Blessings, first and last, recount,
That, in a full Effusion, from Thee flow,
As soon might number, at the Height of Noon,
The Rays that radiate from thy cloudless Sphere,
An universal Glory darting round.

'Tis by thy secret strong, attractive Force,
As with a Chain, indissoluble, bound,
Thy System rolls entire ; from the far Bourn
Of slow-pac'd *Saturn*, to the scarce-seen Disk
Of *Mercury*, lost in excessive Blaze.

Informer of the planetary Train !

Without whose vital, and effectual Glance,
 They'd be but brute, uncomfortable Mass,
 And not, as now, the green Abodes of Life,
 How many Forms of Being wait on Thee,
 Inhaling Gladness ! from th' unfetter'd Mind,
 • By Thee sublim'd, to that Day-living Race,
 The mixing Myriads of thy evening Beam.

The vegetable World is also thine,
 Parent of Seasons ! from whose rich-stain'd Rays,
 Reflected various, various Colours rise :
 The freshening Mantle of the youthful Year ;
 The wild Embroidery of the watry Vale ;
 With all that cheers the Eye, and charms the Heart.

The branching Grove thy lustrous Product stands,
 To quench the Fury of thy Noon-Career ;
 .. And crowd a Shade for the retreating Swain,
 When on his russet Fields you look direct.

Fruit is thy Eownty too, with Juice replete ;
 Acid, or mild ; and from thy Ray receives
 A Flavour pleasing to the Taste of Man.
 By Thee concocted, blushes ; and by Thee

Fully matur'd, into the verdant Lap
Of *Industry*, the mellow Plenty falls.

Extensive Harvests wave at thy Command,
And the bright Ear, consolidate by Thee,
Bends, unwitholding to the Reaper's Hand.

Even *Winter* speaks thy Power, whose every blast
O'ercaft with Tempest, or severely sharp
With breathing Frost, is eloquent of Thee,
And makes us languish for thy vernal Gleams.

Shot to the Bowels of the teeming Earth,
The ripening Oar confesses all thy Flame.

Th' unfruitful Rock, itself, impregn'd by Thee,
In dark Retirement, forms the *lucid Stone*,
Collected Light, compact ! that, polish'd bright,
And all its native Lustre let abroad,
Shines proudly on the Bosoms of the Fair !

At Thee the *Ruby* lights his deepening Glow,
A bleeding Radiance ! grateful to the View.
From Thee the *Saphire*, solid Æther ! takes

His

His Hue cerulean ; and, of evening Tinct,
 The Purple streaming *Amethyst* is thine,
 With thy own Smile the Yellow *Topaz* burns,
 Nor deeper Verdure dies the Robe of *Spring*,
 When first she gives it to the Southren Gale,
 Than the green *Emerald* shows. But all combin'd,
 Thick, thro' the whitening *Opal*, play thy Beams;
 Or, flying, several, from his Surface, form
 A trembling Variance of revolving Hues,
 As the Site changes in the Gazer's Hand.

The very dead Creation, from thy Touch,
 Assumes a mimic Life. By Thee refin'd,
 In brisker Measures, the relucant Stream
 Frisks o'er the Mead. The Precipice abrupt,
 Projecting Horror on the blacken'd Flood,
 Softens at thy Return. The Desert joys
 Wildly, thro' all his melancholy Bounds.
 Rude Ruins glitter ; and the briny Deep,
 Seen from some pointed Promontory's Top,
 Reflects from every fluctuating Wave,
 A Glance, extensive as the Day. But these,
 And all the much transported Muse can sing,
 Are to thy Beauty, Dignity and Use,

A P O E M.

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Unequal far, great, delegated Source,
Of Life, and Light, and Grace, and Joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of Him,
Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated Light,
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From Mortal Eye, or Angel's purer Ken;
Whose single Smile has, from the First of Time,
Fill'd over-flowing, all these Lamps of Heaven,
That Beam for ever thro' th'immeasur'd Sky:
But should he hide his Face the astonish'd Sun,
And all th' extinguish'd Stars, would, loosening, reel
Wide, from their Spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet, was every faltering Tongue of Man,
ALMIGHTY POET! silent in thy Praise,
Thy matchless Works in each exalted Line,
And all the full harmonic Universe,
Would tuneful, or expressive, Thee attest,
The Cause, the Glory, and the end of All!

To Me be *Nature's* Volume, wide, display'd;
And to peruse the broad, illumin'd Page,
Or haply catching Inspiration thence,

Unequa

Some

Some easy Passage, raptur'd to translate,
 My sole Delight ; as thro' the falling Glooms;
 Pensive, I muse, or, with the rising Day,
 On *Fancy's* Eagle-Wing, excursive, soar.

Fierce, flaming up the Heavens, the piercing Sun
 Attenuates to Air the high rais'd Clouds,
 And Mörning Mists that hover'd round the Hills,
 In Party-colour'd Bands ; till, all unveil'd,
 The Face of Nature shines, from where Earth seem'd
 Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending Sphere.

Half in a Blush of clustering Roses lost,
 Dew-dropping *Coolness* to the Shade retires :
 And Tyrant *Heat*, disspreading thro' the Sky,
 By sharp Degrees, his burning Influence rains
 On Man, and Beast, and Herb, and tepid Stream.

Who can, unpitying, see the flowery Race,
 Shed by the Morn, their new-flush'd Bloom resign,
 Before th' unbating Beam ! So fade the Fair,
 When Fevers revel thro' their azure Veins.
 But One, *the Follower of the Sun*, They say,
 Sad, when he sets, shuts up her yellow Leaves,

Weep

Weeping all Night; and when He, warm, returns,
Points her enamour'd Bosom to his Ray.

Home, from his Morning Task, the Swain retreats;
His Flock before Him stepping to the Fold;
While the full-udder'd Mother lows around
The chearful Cottage then expecting Food,
The Food of Innocence, and Health! The Daw,
The Rook, and Magpie, to the grey-grown Oaks,
That the calm Village, in their verdant Arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy Flight;
Where, on the mingling Boughs, they sit embower'd,
All the hot Noon, till cooler Hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the homely Fowls convene;
And, in a Corner of the buzzing Shade,
The House-Dog, with th'employless Grey-Hound,
lies,
Outstretch'd, and sleepy: in his Slumbers One
Attacks the nightly Thief, and One exults
O'er Hill and Dale; till waken'd by the Wasp,
They bootless snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little, noisy Summer-Race
Live in her Lay, and flutter thro' her Song,
Not mean tho' simple; to the Sun ally'd,

From Him their high Descent, direct, They draw,

Wak'd by his warmer Ray, the reptile Young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light Air upborn,
Lighter, and full of Life. From every Chink,
And secret Corner, where they slept away
The wintry Gloom, by Myriads, all at once,
Swarming, they pour : green, speckled, yellow, grey,
Black, azure, brown ; more than th' assisted Eye
- Of poring *Virtuoso* can discern.

Ten thousand Forms ! Ten thousand different Tribes !
People the Blaze. To sunny Waters some
By fatal Instinct fly ; where, on the Pool,
They, sportive, wheel ; or, sailing down the Stream,
Are snatch'd, immediate, by the springing Trout,
Often beguil'd. Some thro' the green-Wood Glade
Delight to stray ; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
In the fresh Leaf. Luxurious, others make
The Meads their Choice, and visit every Flower,
- And every latent Herb ; but careful still
To shun the Mazes of the sounding Bee,
As o'er the Blooms He sweeps. Some to the House,
The Fold, and Dairy, hungry, bend their Flight ;
Sip round the Pail, or taste the curdling Cheese :

Of,

Often, inadvertent, by the boiling Stream
 They're pierc'd to Death ; or, weltering in the Bowl,
 With powerless Wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief, to heedless Flies the Window proves
 A constant Death ; where, gloomily retir'd,
 The Villain Spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
 Mixture abhorr'd ! Amid a mangled Heap
 Of Carcasses, in eager Watch, He sits,
 Surveying all his waving Snares around.
 Within an Inch the dreadful Wanderer oft
 Passes, as oft the Russian shows his Front,
 The Prey at last ensnar'd, He, dreadful, darts,
 With rapid Glide, along the leaning Line ;
 And, fixing in the Fly his cruel Fangs,
 Strides backward, grimly pleas'd : the fluttering Wing,
 And shriller Sound declare extrem Distress,
 And ask the helping, hospitable Hand.

Ecchoes the living Surface of the Earth ;
 Nor undelightful is the humming Sound
 To Him who muses, thro' the Woods, at Noon ;
 Or drowsy Shepherd, as He lies reclin'd,
 With half-shut Eyes, beneath the floating Shade

Of Willows grey, close-crowding o'er the Brook,

Two small grey willows

Let no presuming, impious Railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if ought was form'd

In vain, or not for admirable Ends.

Shall little, haughty *Ignorance* pronounce
His Works unwise ; of which, the smallest Part
Exceeds the narrow Vision of his Mind !

So on the Concave of a sounding Dome,
On swelling Columns heav'd, the Pride of Art !

Wanders a critic Fly ; his feeble Ray
Extends an Inch around ; yet, blindly bold,
He dares dislike the Structure of the Whole.

And lives the Man, whose universal Eye

Has swept, at once, th' unbounded Scheme of Things ;

Mark'd their Dependance so, and firm Accord,

As, with unflinching Accent, to conclude

That *this* availeth nought ? Has any seen

The mighty Chain of Beings, lessening down

From infinite Perfection to the Brink

Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate Abyss !

Recoiling giddy Thought : or with sharp Glance,

Such as remotely wafting Spirits use,

Survey'd the Glories of the little World ?

Till

Till then, alone, let zealous Praise ascend,
And Hymns of heavenly Wonder, to that POWER,
Whose Wisdom shines as lovely on our Minds,
As on our smiling Eyes his Servant-Sun.

Thick, in yon Stream of Light, a thousand Ways,
Upwards and downwards, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering Kingdoms sport ; with Tempest-Wing,
Till *Winter* sweeps them from the Face of Day :

Even so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass

An idle, Summer Life, in Fortune's Shine,

A Season's Glitter ! In soft-circling Robes,

Which the hard Hand of Industry has wrought,

The human *Insects* glow ; by *Hunger* fed,

And chear'd by toiling *Thirst*, they rowl about

From Toy to Trifle, Vanity to Vice ;

Till blown away by *Death*, *Oblivion* comes

Behind, and strikes them from the Book of *Life*.

'Tis raging Noon ; and, vertical, the Sun
Shoots, thro' th' expanding Air, a torrid Gleam.

O'er Heaven, and Earth, far, as the darted Eye

Can pierce, a dazzling Deluge reigns ; and all,

From Pole to Pole, is undistinguish'd Blaze.

Down.

Down to the dusty Earth the Sight, oe'r-power'd,
 stoops for Relief ; but thence ascending Steams,
 And keen Reflection pain. Burnt to the Heart
 Are the refleshless Fields ; their arid Hue
 Adds a new Fever to the sickening Soul :
 And, o'er their slippery Surface, wary, treads
 The Foot of thirsty Pilgrim, often dipt
 In a cross Rill, presenting to his Wish
 A living Draught, He feels before He drinks !
 No more the Woods return the sandy Sound
 Of sharpening Sithe : the Mower, sinking, heaps
 O'er Him the tedded Hay, with Flowers perfum'd ;
 And scarce a chirping Grasshopper is heard
 Thro' all the Mead. Distressful Nature pants.
 The Desert singes ; and the stubborn Rock,
 Split to the Centre, sweats at every Pore.
 The very Streams look languid from afar ;
 Or, thro' the fervid Glade, impetuous, hurl
 Into the Shelter of the crackling Grove.

Prevailing Heat ! oh intermit thy Wrath !
 And on my aking Temples, potent, thus
 Beam not so hard ! — Incessant, still You flow ;
 And still another fervent Flood succeeds,

Pour'd

Pour'd on the Head profuse—In vain I groan,
 And, restless, turn, and look around for Night;
 Night is far off; and hotter Hours approach.
 Who shall endure!—The too resplendent Scene
 Already darkens on the dizzy Eye;
 And double Objects dance: unreal Sounds
 Sing round the Ears: a Weight of sultry Dew
 Hangs, deathful, on the Limbs: shiver the Nerves:
 The supple Sinews sink; and on the Heart,
 Misgiving, *Horror* lays his heavy Hand.
 Thrice happy He! who, on the Sunless Side
 Of a romantic Mountain, Forest-crown'd,
 Beneath the whole collected Shade reclines:
 Or in the gelid Caverns, Woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting Streams,
 Sits coolly calm; while all the World without,
 Unsatisfy'd, and sick, tosses in Noon.
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man,
 Who keeps his temper'd Mind serene, and pure,
 And all his Passions aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amidst a jarring World with Vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye Shades! ye bowery Thickets hail!
 Ye lofty Pines! ye venerable Oaks!

With

With Ashes wild, resounding o'er the Steep !
 Delicious is your Shelter to the Soul,
 - As to the hunted Hart the fallying Spring,
 Or Stream full-flowing, that his swelling Sides
 Laves, as He floats along the Herbag'd Brink.
 Cold, thro' the Nerves, your pleasing Comforts glide;
 The Heart beats glad : the misty Eyes refulge :
 The Ears resume their Watch : the Sinews knit ;
 And Life shoots swift thro' every active Limb.

All in th' adjoining Brook, that shrills along
 - The vocal Grove, now fretting o'er a Rock,
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy Pool,
 - Now starting to a sudden Stream, and now
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid Plain,
 A various Groupe the Herds and Flock compose,
 Rural Confusion ! On the grassy Bank
 Some ruminating lie ; while Others stand
 Half in the Flood, and, often bending, sip
 The circling Surface. In the Middle droops
 The strong, laborious Ox, of honest Front,
 Which, incompas'd, He shakes ; and from his Sides
 The busy Insects lashes with his Tail,
 - Returning still. Amid his Subjects safe,

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Slumbers the Monarch-Swain his careless Arm
 Thrown round his Head on downy Moss sustain'd;
 Here laid his Scrip, with wholesome Viands fill'd;
 And there his Sceptre-Crook, and watchful Dog.

Ligh, fly his Slumbers, if perchance a Flight
 Of angry Hornets fasten on the Herd,
 That, startling, scatters from the shallow Brook,
 In search of lavish Stream. Tossing the Foam,
 They scorn the Keeper's Voice, and scour the Plain
 Thro' all the bright Severity of Noon;
 While from their labouring Breasts, a hollow Moan
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the Hills.

Of in this Season too the Horse provok'd,
 While his big Sinews, full of Spirits, swell;
 Trembling with Vigour, in the Heat of Blood,
 Springs the high Fence; and, o'er the Field effus'd,
 Darts on the gloomy Flood, with steady Eye,
 And Heart estrang'd to Fear: his nervous Chest,
 Luxuriant, and erect, the Seat of Strength!
 Bears down th' opposing Stream: quenchless his
 Thirst,
 He takes the River at redoubled Draughts;

D

And,

And, with wide Nostrils, snorting, skims the Wave. Daily, a

Still let me pierce into the midnight Depth
Of yonder Grove, of wildest, largest Growth;
That, high embowering in the middle Air,
Nods o'er the Mount beneath. At every Step,
Solemn, and slow, the Shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful, silent Gloom around.

These are the Haunts of Meditation, these
The Scenes where antient Bards th' inspiring Breath
Extatic, felt; and, from this World retir'd,
Convers'd with Angels, and immortal Forms,
On heavenly Errands bent——To save the Fall
Of Vertue, struggling on the Brink of Vice;
In waking Whispers, and repeated Dreams,
To hint pure Thought, and warn the favour'd Soul,
For future Tryals, fated, to prepare;
To prompt the Poet, who, devoted, gives
His Muse to better Themes; to sooth the Pangs
Of dying Saints; and, from the Patriot's Breast,
Backward to mingle in detested War,
But foremost when engag'd to turn the *Death*;
And numberless such Offices of Love,

Daily

Wave Daily, and nightly, zealous, to perform.

Shook, sudden from the Bosom of the Air,
 A thousand Shapes, or glide athwart the Dusk,
 Or stalk, majestick, on : harrow'd I feel
 A secret Terror, and severe Delight,
 Creep thro' my mortal Frame ; and thus, methinks,
 Those hollow Accents floating on my Ear,
 Pronounce, distinct——“ Be not of Us afraid,
 “ Poor, kindred Man, thy fellow Creatures, We
 “ From the same bounteous POWER our Beings
 “ drew,
 “ The same our Lord, and Laws, and great Pursuit !
 “ Once, some of Us, like Thee, thro' stormy Life
 “ Toil'd, Tempest-beaten, e'er We could attain
 “ This holy Calm, this Harmony of Mind,
 “ Where Purity and Peace immingle Charms.
 “ Then fear not Us ; but with commutual Song,
 “ Oft, in these dim Recesses, undisturb'd
 “ By noisy *Folly*, and discordant *Vice*,
 “ Of Nature sing with Us, and Nature's GOD ——
 “ And, frequent, at the middle Waste of Night,
 “ Or, all Day long, in Desarts *still*, are heard,
 “ Now here, now there, now wheeling in mid-Sky,
 “ Around,

" Around, or underneath, aerial Sounds,
 " Sent from angelic Harps, and Voices join'd;
 " A Happiness bestow'd by Us, alone,
 " On *Contemplation*, or the hallow'd Ear
 " Of *Poet*, swelling to seraphick Strain.

Thus up the Mount, in visionary Muse
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the Stun
 Of a near Fall of Water every Sense
 Wakes from the Charm of Thought: Swift, shrink
 ing back,
 I stand aghast, and view the broken Scene,

Like one, who flows in Joy, when, all at once,
 Misfortune hurls him down the Hill of Life,
 Smooth to the giddy Brink a lucid Stream
 Rolls, unsuspecting, till, surpris'd 'tis thrown,
 In loose Meanders, thro' the trackless Air ;
 Now a blue watry Sheet, anon, dispers'd,
 A hoary Mist, then gather'd in again,
 A darted Stream, assant the hollow Rock,
 This Way, and that tormented, dashing thick,
 From Steep to Steep, with wild inflected Course,
 And, restless, roaring to the humble Vale.

With the rough Prospect tir'd, I turn my Eyes
 Where, in long *Visto*, the soft-murmuring Main
 Darts a green Lustre, trembling thro' the Trees;
 Or to yon Silver-streaming Threads of Light,
 A showery Beauty beaming thro' the Boughs.
 Invited from the Rock, to whose dark Cliff
 He clings, the steep-ascending Eagle soars,
 With upward Pinions, thro' th' attractive Gleam;
 And, giving full his Bosom to the Blaze,
 Gains on the Sun; while all the feathery Race,
 Smote by afflictive Noon, disorder'd droop,
 Deep, in the Thicket; or, from Bower to Bower,
 Responsive, force an interrupted Strain.
 The Wood-Dove, only, in the Centre, coos,
 Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his Plaint,
 Short Interval of weary Woe! again,
 The sad Idea of his murder'd Mate,
 Struck from his Side by savage Fowler's Guile,
 Across his Fancy comes; and then resounds
 A louder Song of Sorrow thro' the Grove.

Beside the dewy Border let Me sit,
 All in the Freshness of the humid Air;

There,

There, on that Rock, by *Nature's* Chiffel carv'd ;
 An ample Chair, moss-lin'd and over Head
 With weaving Umbrage hung ; thro' which the Bee
 Strays, diligent ; and, with th' extract'd Sweet
 Of Honey Suckle, loads his little Thigh.

And what a pleasing Prospect lies around !
 Of Hills, and Vales, and Woods, and Lawns, and
 Spires
 And Towns betwixt and gilded Streams ! till all
 The stretching Landskip into Smoak decays.

HAPPY BRITANNIA ! where the Queen of Arts,
 Inspiring Vigour, LIBERTY, abroad,
 V Walks thro' the Land of Heroes, unconfin'd,
 And scatters Plenty with unsparing Hand.

RICH is thy Soil, and merciful thy Skies ;
 Thy Streams unfailing in the Summer's Drought :
 Unmatch'd thy Guardian-Oaks : thy Vallies float
 With golden Waves ; and on thy Mountains Flocks
 Bleat, numberless : while, roving round their Sides,
 Bellow the blackening Herds, in lusty Drovers.
 Beneath, thy Meadows flame, and rise unquell'd,

Against

Against the Mower's Sythe. On every Hand,
 Thy *Villas* shine. Thy Country teems with Wealth;
 And *Property* assures it to the Swain,
 Pleas'd and unweary'd, in his certain Toil.

Full are thy Cities with the Sons of Art;
 And Trade, and Joy, in every busy Street,
 Mingling, are heard: even *Drudgery*, Himself,
 As at the Car He sweats, or, dusty, hews
 The Palace-Stone, looks gay. Thy crowded Ports,
 Where rising Masts an endless Prospect yield,
 With Labour burn, and eccho to the Shouts
 Of hurry'd Sailor, as He, hearty, waves
 His last Adieu, and, loosening every Sheet,
 Relinquishs the spreading Vessel to the Wind.

Bold firm, and graceful, are thy generous Youth,
 By Hardship finew'd, and by Danger fir'd,
 Scattering the Nations where They go; and first,
 Or on the list'd Plain, or wintry Seas.
 Mild are thy Glories too, as o'er the Arts
 Of thriving Peace thy thoughtful Sires preside;
 In Genius, and substantial Learning high;
 For every Vertue, every Worth renown'd,

Sincere,

Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind,
 Yet like the mustering Thunder when provok'd ;
 The Scourge of Tyrants, and the sole Resource
 Of such as under grim Oppression groan.

Hence may'st Thou boast a *Bacon*, and a *More*;
 Nor cease to vie Them with the noblest Names
 Of ancient Times, or Patriot, or Sage.
 And for the Strength, and Elegance of Truth,
 A *Barrow*, and a *Tillotson* are thine :
 A *Locke*, inspective into human Minds,
 And all th' *unnotic'd World* that passes there.
 Nor bethy *Boyle* forgot ; who, while He liv'd,
 Seraphic, sought TH' ETERNAL thro' his Works;
 By sure Experience led ; and, when He dy'd,
 Still bid his *Bounty* argue for his GOD,
 Worthy of Riches He !— But what needs more——
 Let comprehensive *Newton* speak thy Fame,
 In all Philosophy. For solemn Song
 Is not wild *Shakespear* Nature's Boast, and thine !
 And every greatly amiable *Muse*
 Of elder Ages in thy *Milton* met !
 His was the Treasure of Two Thousand Years,
 Seldom indulg'd to Man, a God like Mind,

Unlimited, and various, as his Theme ;
 Astonishing as *Chaos* ; as the Bloom
 Of blowing *Eden* fair ; soft as the Talk
 Of our *grand Parents*, and as *Heaven* sublime.

And should I northward turn my filial Eye,
 Beyond the *Tweed*, pure Parent-Stream ! to where
 The hyperborean Ocean, furious, foams
 O'er *Orca*, or *Betubium's* highest Peak,
 Rapt, I might sing thy *Caledonian* Sons,
 A gallant, warlike, unsubmitting Race !
 Nor less in *Learning* vers'd, soon as He took
 Before the Gothic Rage his Western Flight ;
 Wife in the Council, at the Banquet gay :
 The Pride of Honour burning in their Breasts,
 And Glory, not to their own Realms confin'd,
 But into foreign Countries shooting far,
 As over *Europe* bursts the *Boreal* Morn.

May my Song soften as, thy Daughters, I,
Britania, hail ! for Beauty is their own,
 And Elegance, and Taste : the faultless Form,
 Shap'd by the Hand of *Harmony* : the Cheek,
 Where the live Crimson, thro' the native White,

Soft-shooting, o'er the Face diffuses Bloom,
 And every nameless Grace : the parted Lip,
 Like the red Rose-Bud moist with morning Dew,
 Breathing Deight ; and, under flowing Jet,
 Or sunny Ringlets, or of circling Brown,
 The Neck slight-shaded, and the swelling Breast:
 The Look resistless, piercing to the Soul,
 And by the Soul inform'd, when, drest in Love,
 She sits, sweet-smiling, in the lovely Eye.

Island of Bliss ! amid the Subject Seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky Coasts, set up,
 At once the Wonder, Terror, and Delight
 Of distant Nations ; whose remotest Shore
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval Arm,
 Not to be shook Thy self, but all Assaults
 Baffling, like thy hoar Cliffs the loud Sea-Wave.

O Thou, by whose almighty *Nod*, the Scale
 Of Empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving Vertues round the Land,
 In bright Patrol : white *Peace*, and social *Love* ;
 The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
 On gentle Deeds, and shedding Tears thro' Smiles :

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Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of Mind ;
Courage compos'd, and keen ; sound *Temperance*,
 Healthful in Heart and Look ; clear *Chastity*,
 With Blushes reddening as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep Regard she draws ;
 Rough *Industry* ; *Activity* untir'd,
 With copious Life inform'd, and all awake :
 While, in the radiant Front, superiour, shines
 That first, paternal Vertue, *public Zeal*,
 Who casts o'er all an equal, wide Survey,
 And ever musing on the Common Weal,
 Still labours, glorious, with some brave Design.

Thus far, transported by my Country's Love,
 Nobly digressive from my Theme, I've aim'd
 To sing her Praises, in ambitious Verse ;
 While, slightly to recount, I simply meant,
 The various Summer-Horrors, which infest
 Kingdoms that scorch below severer Suns :

Kingdoms, on which, direct, the Flood of Day,
 Oppressive, falls, and gives the gloomy Hue,
 And Feature gross ; or worse, to ruthless Deeds,
 Wan Jealousy, red Rage, and fell Revenge,

Their hasty Spirits prompts. Ill-fated Race !
 Altho' the Treasures of the Sun be theirs,
 Rocks rich in Gems, and Mountains big with Mines,
 Whence, over Sands of Gold, the *Niger* rolls
 His amber Wave ; while on his balmy Banks,
 Or in the Spicy, *Abyssinian* Vales,
 The Citron, Orange, and Pomegranate drink
 Intolerable Day, yet, in their Coats,
 A cooling Juice contain. Peaceful, beneath,
 Leans the huge Elephant, and, in his Shade,
 A Multitude of beauteous Creatures play ;
 And Birds, of bolder Note, rejoice around.

And oft amid their aromatic Groves,
 Touch'd by the Torch of Noon, the gummy Bark,
 Smouldering, begins to roll the dusky Wreath.
 Instant, so swift the ruddy Ruin spreads,
 A Cloud of Incense shadows all the Land ;
 And, o'er a thousand, thundering Trees, at once,
 Riots, with lawless Rage, the running Blaze :
 But chiefly, if fomenting Winds assist,
 And, doubling, blend the circulating Waves
 Of Flame tempestuous, or, directly on,
 Far-streaming, drives Them thro' the Forest's Length

But other Views await——where Heaven above,
 Glows like an Arch of Brass ; and all below,
 The Earth a Mass of rusty Iron lies,
 Of Fruits, and Flowers, and every Verdure spoilt,
 Barren, and bare, a joyless, weary Waste,
 Thin-cottag'd, and, in Time of trying Need,
 Abandon'd by the vanish'd Brook, like One
 Of fading Fortune by his treacherous Friend.

Such are thy horrid Desarts, *Barka*, such,
Zaara, thy hot, interminable Sands,
 Continuous, rising often with the Blast,
 Till the Sun sees no more ; and unknit Earth,
 Shook by the South into the darken'd Air,
 Falls, in new, hilly Kingdoms, o'er the Waste:

'Tis here, that *Thirst* has fix'd his dry Domain,
 And walks his wide, malignant Round, in search
 Of Pilgrim lost ; or, on the* *Merchant's Tomb*,

* *In the Desert of Araoan, are two Tombs with In-*
scriptions on Them, importing that the Persons there
interr'd were a rich Merchant, and a poor Carrier, who
both died of Thirst ; and that the Former had given
to the Latter Ten Thousand Ducats for one Cruise of
Water.

Tri-

Triumphant, sits, who, for a single Cruise
Of unavailing Water paid so dear :
Nor could the Gold his hard Associate save,

Here the green Serpent gathers up his Train,
In Orbs immense, then darting out anew,
Progressive, rattles thro' the wither'd Brake ;
And lolling, frightful, guards the scanty Fount,
If Fount there be : or, of diminish'd Size,
But mighty Mischief, on th'unguarded Swain
Steals, full of Rancour. Here the savage Race
Roam, licens'd by the shading Hour of Blood,
And foul Misdeed, when the pure Day has shut
His sacred Eye. The rabid Tyger, then,
The fiery Panther, and the whisker'd Pard,
Bespeckl'd fair, the Beauty of the Waste,
In dire Divan, surround their *shaggy King*,
Majestic, stalking o'er the burning Sand,
With planted Step ; while an obsequious Crowd,
Of grinning Forms, at humble Distance wait.
These, all together join'd, from darksome Caves,
Where, o'er gnaw'd Bones, They slumber'd out the
Day,
By supreme Hunger smit, and Thirst intense,

At

At once, their mingling Voices raise to Heaven ;
 And, with imperious, and repeated Roars,
 Demanding Food, the Wilderness resounds,
 From *Atlas* eastward to the frightened *Nile*.

Unhappy He ! who, from the first of Joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone,
 Amid this World of Death. Ceaseless, He sits,
 Sad, on the rocky Eminence, and views
 The rowling Main, that ever toils below ;
 Still fondly forming, in the farthest Verge,
 Where the blue Æther mixes with the Wave,
 Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the Clouds.
 At Evening, to the setting Sun He turns
 A watry Eye, and down his dying Heart
 Sinks, helpless ; while the wonted Roar is up,
 And Hiss, continual, thro' the tedious Night.

Yet here, even here, into these black Abodes
 Of Monsters, unappall'd, from stooping *Rome*,
 And haughty *Cæsar*, *Liberty* retir'd,
 With *Cato* leading thro' *Numidian* Wilds :
 Disdainful of *Campania*'s fertile Plains,
 And all the green Delights of *Italy*,

When,

At

When, for Them, she must bend the servile Knee,
And, fawning, take the Blessings once her own.

What need I mention those inclement Skies,
Where, frequent, o'er the sickening City, *Plague*,
The fiercest Son of *Nemesis divine* !
Collects a close, incumbent Night of Death,
Uninterrupted by the living Winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome Breeze, and stain'd
With many a Mixture, by the Sun suffus'd,
Of angry Aspect. Princely *Wisdom*, then,
Dejects his watchful Eye ; and from the Hand
Of drooping *Justice*, ineffectual, falls
The Sword, and Ballance. Mute the Voice of Joy ;
And hush'd the Clamour of the busy World.
Empty the Streets, with uncouth Verdure clad,
And rang'd, at open Noon, by Beasts of Prey,
And Birds of bloody Beak : while, all Night long,
In spotted Troops, the recent Ghosts complain,
Demanding but the covering Grave. Meantime,
Lock'd is the deaf Door to Distress ; even Friends,
And Relatives, endear'd for many a Year,
Savag'd by Woe, forget the social Tye,
The blest Engagement of the yearning Heart ;

And

And sick, in Solitude, successive, die,
 Untended, and unmourn'd. And, to compleat
 The Scene of Desolation, wide around,
 Denying all Retreat, the grim Guards stand,
 To give the flying Wretch a better Death.

Much of the Force of foreign *Summer* still,
 Of growling Hills, that shoot the pillar'd Flame,
 Of Earthquake, and pale Famine, could I sing ;
 But equal Scenes of Horror call me Home.

For now, slow-settling, o'er the lurid Grove,
 Unusual Darkneſs broods ; and, growing, gains
 The whole Poſſeſſion of the Air, ſurcharg'd
 With wrathful Vapour, from the damp Abrupt,
 Where ſleep the mineral Generations, drawn.
 Thence Nitre, Sulphur, Vitriol, on the Day
 Stream, and fermenting in yon baleful Cloud,
 Extenſive o'er the World, a reddening Gloom !
 In dreadful Promptitude to ſpring, await
 The high Command. A boding Silence reigns
 Thro' all the dun Expanſe, ſave the dull Sound,
 That, from the Mountain, previous to the Storm,
 Rowls o'er the trembling Earth, diſturbſ the Flood,

And stirs the Forrest-Leaf without a Breath,
 - Prone, to the lowest Vale, th' aerial Tribes
 Descend : the Tempest-loving Raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious Dusk. In rueful Gaze
 The Cattle stand, and on the scowling Heavens
 Cast a deploring Eye, by Man, forsook,
 Who to the crowded Cottage hies Him fast,
 Or seeks the Shelter of the downward Cave.

'Tis dumb Amaze, and listning Terror all :
 When, to the quicker Eye, the livid Glance
 Appears, far South, emissive thro' the Cloud;
 - And by the powerful Breath of GOD inflate,
 The Thunder raises his tremendous Voice,
 At first low-muttering ; but at each Approach,
 The Lightnings flash a larger Curve, and more
 The Noise astounds: till, over Head, a Sheet
 Of various Flame discloses wide, then shuts
 And opens wider, shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping Æther in a Blaze.
 Follows the loosen'd, aggravated Roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling, Peal on Peal
 - Crush'd horrible, convulsing Heaven, and Earth.

Down

Down comes a Deluge of sonorous Hail,
 In the white, heavenly Magazines congeal'd;
 And often fatal to th' unshelter'd Head
 Of Man, or rougher Beast. The sluicy Rain,
 In one unbroken Flood, descends; and yet
 Th' unconquerable Lightning struggles thro',
 Ragged, and fierce, or in red whirling Balls,
 And strikes the Shepherd, as He, shuddering, sits,
 Presaging Ruin, in the rocky Clift.

His inmost Marrow feels the gliding Flame;
 He dies—— and, like a Statue grim'd with Age,
 His live, dejected Posture still remains;
 His Ruffet sing'd, and rent his hanging Hat;
 Against his Crook his sooty Cheek reclin'd;
 While whining at his Feet, his half-stun'd Dog,
 Importunately kind, and fearful, pats
 On his insensate Master, for Relief.

Black from the Stroak above, the Mountain-Pine,
 A leaning, shatter'd Trunk, stands scath'd to Heave
 The Talk of future Ages! and, below,
 A lifeless Croupe the blasted Cattle lie.
 Here, the soft Flock, with that same harmless Look

They wore alive, and ruminating still,
 In *Fancy's* Eye ; and there, the frowning Bull,
 And Ox half-rai'd. A little farther, burns
 The guiltless Cottage ; and the haughty Dome
 Stoops to the Base. Th' uprooted Forrest flies
 Aloft in Air, or flaming out, displays
 The savage Haunts, by Day unpierc'd before,
 Scar'd is the Mountains Brow ; and, from the Cliff,
 Tumbles the smitten Rock. The Desert shakes,
 And gleams, and grumbles, through his deepest Dens,

Now swells the Triumph of the Virtuous Man ;
 And this outrageous, elemental Fray,
 To Him, a dread Magnificence appears,
 The Glory of that POWER He calls his *Friend*,
 Sole honourable Name ! — But Woe to Him,
 Who, of infuriate Malice, and confirm'd
 In Vice long-practis'd, is a Foe to Man
 His Brother, and at Variance with his GOD.
 He thinks the Tempest weaves around his Head ;
 Loudens the Roar to Him and in his Eye
 The bluest Vengeance glares. Th' Oppressor, who,
 Unpitying, heard the Wailings of *Distress*,
 Gall'd by his Scourge, now shrinks at other Sounds.

Hid

Hid are the *Neroes* of the Earth—— in vain,
Like Children hid in Sport. Chief, in the Breast
Of solitary Atheist, Wildness reigns,
Licentious ; vanish'd every quaint Conceit,
And impious Jest, with which He us'd to pelt
Superior Reason ; Anguish in his Look,
And Supplication lifts his Hand. He'd pray ;
If his heard Heart would flow. At last He runs,
Precipitant and entering just the Cave,
The Messenger of Justice, glancing, comes,
With swifter Sweep, behind, and trips his Heel,

And yet not always on the guilty Head
Falls the devoted Flash. Young *Celadon*,
And his *Amelia*, an unrival'd Twain !
With equal Vertue form'd, and equal Grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their Sex alone ;
Hers the mild Lustre of th' unfolding Morn,
And his the Radiance of the risen Day.

They lov'd— but such their guileless Passion was,
As, in the Dawn of Time, alarm'd the Heart
Of *Innocence*, and undissembled *Truth*.
?I was Friendship, heighten'd by the mutual Wish,

Th'

Th' enchanting Hope, and sympathetic Glow,
 Struck from the charming Eye. Devoting all
 To Love, Each was to Each a dearer Self!
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd Power
 Of giving Joy! Alone, amid the Shades,
 still, in angelic intercourse, They liv'd
 The rural Day, and talk'd the flowing Heart,
 Or fight, and look'd unutterable Things!

Thus pass'd their Life, a clear, united Stream,
 By Care unruffled; till, in evil Hour,
 The Tempest caught Them on the tender Walk,
 Heedless how far. Her Breast, presageful, heav'd
 Unwonted Sighs, and stealing oft a Look
 Of the big Gloom, on *Celadon* her Eye
 Fell tearful, wetting all her glowing Cheek.
 In vain assuring Love, and Confidence
 In Heaven repress'd her Fear; it grew, and shook
 Her Frame near Dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal Conflict, and, as Angels look
 On dying Saints, his Eyes Compassion shed,
 Mingl'd with matchless Love. — “ Fear not, He said,
 “ Fair Innocence! thou Stranger to Offence,
 “ And inward Storm! HE, who enwraps yon Skies

“ In

" In Frowns of Darkneſs, ever ſmiles on Thee,
 " With full Regard. O'er Thee the ſecret Shaft
 " That waſtes at Midnight, or th'undreaded Hour
 " Of Noon, flies hurtleſs : and that very Voice,
 " Which thunders Terror thro' the Sinner's Heart,
 " With Tongues of Seraphs whiſpers Peace to thine.
 " 'Tis Safety to be near Thee ſure, and thus
 " To claſp Perfection ! — From his void Embrace,
 Myſterious Heaven ! that Moment, in a Heap
 Of pallid Aſhes, fell the beauteous Maid.
 But who can paint the Lover, as He ſtood,
 Struck by ſevere Amazement, hating Life,
 Speechleſs, and fixt in all the Death of Woe !
 So, faint Reſemblance ! on the Marble-Tomb
 The well-diſſembl'd Mourner, ſlooping, ſtands,
 For ever ſilent, and for ever ſad.

Heard indiſtinct, the far-off Thunder peals,
 From ſuffering Earth, commiſſion'd o'er the Main,
 Where the black Tempeſt, preſſing on the Pool,
 Heaves the dead Billows to the buſſing Clouds.
 Dire is the Fate of Thoſe, who, reeling high,
 From Wave to Wave, even at the very Source
 Of Lightning, feel th' undiſſipated Flame ;

Or,

Or, should They in a watry Vale escape,
 If, on their Heads, the forceful *Spout* descends,
 And drives the dizzy Vessel down the Deep,
 Till in the oozy Bottom stuck, profound.

As from the Face of Heaven, each shatter'd Cloud,
 Tumultuous, roves, th'unfathomable Blue,
 That constant Joy to every finer Eye,
 That Rapture ! swells into the general Arch,
 Which copes the Nations. — On the lily'd Bank,
 Where a Brook quivers, often, careless, thrown,
 Up the wide Scene I've gaz'd whole Hours away,
 With growing Wonder, while the Sun declin'd,
 As now, forth-breaking from the blotting Storm.

Nature shines out ; and, thro' the lighten'd Air,
 A higher Lustre, and a clearer Calm,
 Diffusive, tremble ; and, as if in sign
 Of Danger past, a glittering Face of Joy,
 Set off, abundant, by the level Ray,
 Invests the Earth, yet weeping from Distress.

'Tis Beauty all, and grateful Song around,
 Join'd to the Low of Kine, and numerous Bleat
 Of Flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd Vale.

And

And shall the Hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,
 Most-favour'd, who, with Voice articulate,
 Should lead the Chorus of this lower World !
 Shall He, so soon, forgetful of the past,
 After the Tempest, puff his transient Vows,
 And a new Dance of Vanity begin,
 Scarce ere the Pant forsakes his feeble Heart !

Chear'd by the setting Beam, the sprightly Youth
 Speeds to the well-known Pool, whose chrystal Depth
 A sandy Bottom shows. A-while He stands,
 Gazing th'inverted Landskip, half afraid
 To meditate the blue Profound below ;
 Till disenchant'd by the rustling Gale,
 He plunges headlong down the closing Flood.
 His ebon Tresses, and his rosy Cheek
 Instant emerge ; and, thro' the glassy Wave,
 At each short Breathing, by his Lip repell'd,
 With Arms, and Legs, according well, He makes,
 As Humour leads, an easy-winding Path :
 While, from his snowy Sides, a humid Light
 Effuses on the pleas'd Spectators round.

This is the purest Exercise of Health,

G

The

The great Refresher of the Summer-Heats;
 Nor, when, the Brook pellucid, Winter keens,
 Would I, weak-shivering, linger on the Brink.
 Thus Life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd
 By the bold Swimmer, in the swift Illapse
 Of Accident disastrous. Hence the Limbs
 Knit into Force; and that same *Roman* Arm,
 Which stretch'd, victorious, o'er the conquer'd Earth,
 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the Wave.
 Even, from the Body's Purity, the Mind,
 Strictly ally'd, receives a secret Aid.

Low walks the Sun, and broadens by degrees,
 Just o'er the Verge of Day. The rising Clouds,
 That shift, perpetual, in his vivid Train,
 Their dewy Mirrors, numberless, oppos'd,
 Unfold the hidden Riches of his Ray,
 And chase a Change of Colours round the Sky:
 'Tis all one Blush from East to West! and now,
 Behind the dusky Earth, He dips his Orb,
 Now half immers'd, and now a golden Curve
 Gives one faint Glimmer, and then disappears,

Passes the Day illusive, and perplex,

As fleets the Vision o'er the formful Brain,
 This Moment hurrying all th'impassion'd Soul,
 The next in Nothing lost ; 'tis so to Him,
 The Dreamer of this Earth, a cheerless Blank !
 A Sight of Horror ! to th'ungodly Wretch,
 The Hard, the Lewd, the Cruel, and the False,
 Who, all Day long, have made the Widow weep,
 And snatch'd the Morsel from her Orphan's Mouth,
 To give their Dogs : but to th'harmonious Mind,
 Who makes the hopeless Heart to sing for Joy,
 Diffusing kind Beneficence around
 Boastless, as now descends the silent Dew,
 To Him, the long Review of order'd Life
 Is inward Rapture, only to be felt !

Confess'd, from yonder slow-extinguish'd Clouds,
 The Sky begreying, sober *Evening* takes
 Her wonted Station in the middle Air,
 A thousand *Shadows* at her Beck. First *This*
 She sends on Earth ; then *That* of deeper Die
 Steals soft behind ; and then a *Deeper* still,
 In well-adjusted Circles, gathers round,
 To close the Face of Things. Th'expected Breeze
 Begins to wave the Wood, and stir the Stream,

Sweeping with shadowy Gust the Fields of Corn,
While the Quail clamours for his running Mat

Wild-wasting o'er the Lawn, the thistly Down
Plays in the fickle Air, now seems to fall,
And now, high-soaring over Head, an Arch,
Amusive, forms, then slanting down eludes
The Grasp of idle Swain. But should the *West*
A little swell the Breeze, the woolly Shower,
Blown, in a white Confusion, thro' the Dusk,
Falls o'er the Face unfelt, and, settling slow,
Mantles the Twilight Plain. And yet even here,
As thro' all Nature, in her lowest Forms,
A fine Contrivance lies, to wing the Seed,
By this light Plumage, into distant Vales.

His folded Flock secure, the Shepherd Home
Hies, merry-hearted, and by turns relieves
The ruddy Milk-Maid of her brimming Pail,
The Beauty, whom perhaps his witless Heart,
Unknowing what the Joy-mixt Anguish means,
Loves fond, by that sincerest Language, shown,
Of cordial Glances, and obliging Deeds.
Onward They pass, o'er many a panting Height,

And

And Valley sunk, and unfrequented, where,
 At Fall of Eve, *the Fairy People* throng,
 In various Game, and Revelry to pass
 A Summer-Night, as Village Stories tell.
 But far about They wander from the Grave
 Of Him, whom his ungentle Fortune forc'd,
 Against Himself, to lift the hated Hand
 Of Violence; by Man cast out from Life,
 And, after Death, to which They drove his Hope
 Into the broad Way side. The ruin'd Tower
 Is also shun'd, whose unblest Chambers hold,
 Nightly, sole Habitant, the yelling *Ghost*.

Struck from the Roots of slimy Rushes, blue,
 The Wild-Fire scatters round, or, gather'd, trails
 A Length of Flame, deceitful, o'er the *Moss*,
 Whither, entangled in the Maze of Night,
 While the *damp Desert* breathes his Fogs around,
 The Traveller, decoy'd, is quite absorpt,
 Rider and Horse, into the miry Gulph,
 Leaving his Wife, and Family involv'd
 In sorrowful Conjecture. Other Times,
 Sent by the quick-ey'd *Angel* of the Night,
 Innocuous, on th'unstartling Horses Mane,

The

The *Meteor* fits, and shows the narrow Path,
That, winding, leads thro' Pits of Death, or else
Directs Him how to take the dangerous Ford.

Among the crooked Lanes, on every Hedge,
The Glow-worm lights his Lamp, and, thro' the
Dark,

Twinkles a moving Gem. On *Evening's* Heel,
Night follows fast ; not in her Winter-Robe,
Of massy, stygian Woof, but loose array'd,
In Mantle dun. A few erroneous Rays,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect Surfaces of Things,
Fling half an Image on the straining Eye.

While wavering Woods, and Villages, and Streams,
- And Rocks, and Mountain-Tops, that long retain'd
Th' ascending Gleam, are all one swimming Scene,
Doubtful if seen ; whence passing *Vision* turns,

To Heaven, where *Venus*, in the starry Front,
Shines eminent, and from her genial Rise,
When Day-Light sickens, till it springs afresh,
Sheds Influence on Earth, to Love, and Life,
And every Form of Vegetation kind.
As thus, *th'Effulgence* tremulous, I drink,

With

With fix'd Peruse, the lambent Lightnings shoot
A-cro'ss the Sky, or, horizontal, dart
O'er half the Nations, in a Minute's Space,
Conglob'd, or long. Astonishment succeeds,
And Silence, ere the various Talk begins.

That Instant, flashing, noiseless, from the North,
A thousand Meteors stream, ensweeping first
The lower Skies, then, all at once, converge
High to the Crown of Heaven, and, all at once,
Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
All Æther coursing in a Maze of Light.

From Eye to Eye, contagious, thro' the Crowd,
The *Pannic* runs, and into wondrous Shapes
Th' appearance throws: Armies in meet Array,
Throng with aerial Spears, and Steeds of Fire;
Till, the long Lines of full-extended War
In bleeding Fight commixt, the sanguine Flood
Rows a broad Slaughter o'er the Plains of Heaven.

As the mad People scan the fancy'd Scene,
On all Sides swells the superstitious Din,

In-

- Incontinent, and busy *Frenzy* talks
 Of Blood, and Battle ; Cities overturn'd,
 And, late at Night, in swallowing Earthquake sunk,
 Or painted hideous with ascending Flame ;
 Of Blights, that blacken the white-bosom'd *Spring*,
 And Tempest, shaking *Autumn* into Chaff,
 Till *Famine*, empty-handed, starves the Year ;
 Of Pestilence, and every great Distress,
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling *Fate* has struck
 Th' unalterable Hour : even *Nature's Self*
 - Is deem'd to totter on the Brink of Time.

Not so the Man of *Philosophic* Eye,
 And Inspect sage, the waving *Brightness*, He,
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The Causes, and Materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this Appearance beautiful, and new.

With *Thee*, serene Philosophy ! with *Thee* !
 And thy high Praises, let me crown my Song !
 Effusive Source of Evidence, and *Truth* !
 A Lustre shedding o'er th'ennobl'd Mind,
 Stronger than Summer-Noon, and pure as that,
 Which gently vibrates on the Eye of Saint,

New to the Dawning of celestial Day.

Hence, thro' her nourish'd Powers, enlarg'd by *Thee*,

She, soaring, spurns, with elevated Pride,

The tangling Mass of Cares, and low Desires,

That bind the fluttering Crowd, and, Angel-wing'd,

The Heights of Science, and of Vertue gains,

Where all is calm, and bright ! with Nature round

Or in the starry Regions, or th'Abyss,

To *Reason's*, and to *Fancy's* Eye display'd;

The *First* up-tracing, from the vast *Inane*,

The Chain of Causes, and Effects to HIM,

Who, absolutely, in HIMSELF, alone,

Possesses *Being* ; while the *Last* receives

The whole Magnificence of Heaven, and Earth,

And every Beauty, delicate or bold,

Obvious or more remote, with livelier Sense,

A World swift-painted, on th'attentive Mind !

Tutor'd by *Thee*, hence Poetry exalts

Her Voice to Ages, and informs the Page

With Musick, Image, Sentiment, and Thought,

Never to die ! the Treasure of Mankind,

Their highest Honour, and their truest Joy !

Without *Thee*, what were unassisted Man !
 A Savage roaming thro' the Woods and Wilds,
 In Quest of Prey, and with th'unfashion'd Furr,
 Rough-clad, devoid of every honest Art,
 And Elegance of Life. Nor Home, nor Joy
 Domestick, mix'd of Tendernefs and Care,
 - Nor moral Excellence, nor social Bliss,
 Nor Law were his; nor Property, nor Swain
 To turn the Furrow, nor mechanic Hand
 Harden'd to Toil, nor Servant prompt, nor *Trade*
 Mother severe of infinite Delights !
 Nothing save Rapine, Indolence, and Guile,
 And Woes on Woes, to render human Life
 Than Non-Existence worse. But taught by *Thee*.
 Ours are the Arts of Policy, and Peace,
 To live like Brothers, and, conjunctive, all
 - Embellish Life. While thus laborious Crowds
 Ply the tough Oar, Philosophy directs,
 Star-led, the Helm ; or like the liberal Breath
 Of urgent Heaven, invisible, the Sails
 Swells out, and bears th'inferior World along.

Nor, to this evanescent Speck of Earth,

Poorly

Poorly confin'd, those radiant Tracts on high
 Are *her* exalted Range ; intent, to gaze
 Creation thro', and, from that *round Complex*
 Of never-ceasing Wonders, to conceive
 Of *The Sole Being* right, Who spoke the Word,—
 And Nature circled. With inflected View,
 Thence, on *th' Ideal Kingdom*, swift, she turns
 Her Eye ; and instant, at her virtual Glance,
 Th'obedient Phantoms vanish, and appear,
 Compound, divide, and into Order shift,
 Each to his Rank, from plain Perception up
 To Notion quite abstract ; where first begins
The World of Spirits, Action all, and Life
 Immediate, and unmix'd—but here the Cloud,
 So wills *Eternal Providence*, sits deep.
 Enough for Us we know, that this dark State,
 In wayward Passions lost, and vain Pursuits,
 This Infancy of Being ! cannot prove
 The final Issue of the Works of GOD,
 By *Love*, and *Wisdom*, inexpressive, form'd,
 And ever rising with the rising Mind.

THE END.

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